to Virgile. In felix o ſemper ouis pecus.

A mazed) So alſo do Theocritus and Virgile feigne pledges of their ſtriſe.

Enchaſed) engrauen. Such pretie deſcriptions euery vvhere vſeth Theocritus, to bring in his Idyllia. For which ſpeciall cauſe indede he by that name termeth his Ægogues: for Idyllion in Greke ſignifieth the ſhape or picture of any thyng, vvherof his booke is ful. And not, as I haue heard ſome fondly gueſſe, that they be called not Idyllia, but Hædilia, of the Goteheards in them.

Entrailed) vvrought betvvene.

Harueſt Queene) The manner of country folke in harueſt tyme. Pouſſe.) Peaſe.

It fell vpon) Perigot maketh hys ſong in prayſe of his loue, to vvhō VVilly anſvvereth euery vnder verſe. By Perigot vvho is meant, I can not vprightly ſay: but if it be, vvho is ſuppoſed, his love deſerueth no leſſe prayſe, then he giueth her.

Greete) weeping and complaint. Chaplet) a kind of Garlond lyke a crovvne.

Leuen) Lightning. Cynthia) vvas ſayd to be the Moone. Gryde) perced.

But if) not vnleſſe. Squint eye) partiall iudgement. Ech haue) ſo ſaith Virgile. Et vitula tu dignus, et hic &c.

So by enterchaunge of gyfts Cuddie pleaſeth both partes.

Doome) iudgement. Dempt) for deemed, iudged. VVite the vviteleſſe) blame the blameleſſe. The ſhepherd of Ida) vvas ſayd to be Paris.

Beauties Queene) Venus, to vvhome Paris adiudged the goldden Apple, as the pryce of her beautie.

Embleme.

The meaning hereof is very ambiguous: for Perigot by his poeſie claming the cõqueſt, & VVillye not yeelding, Cuddie the arbiter of theyr cauſe, and Patron of his own, ſemeth to chalenge it, as his devv, ſaying, that he, is happy vvhich can, ſo abruptely ending but hee meaneth eyther him, that can vvin the beſte, or moderate him ſelfe being beſt, and leaue of vvith the beſt.

Ægloga No

ARGVMEN

HErein Diggon Dauie is deuiſed to be a ſhep gayne, droue his ſheepe into a farre countr looſe liuing of Popiſh prelates, by occaſion of H ſeth at large.

Hobbinol. Diggon

Iggon Dauie, I bid
Dr Diggon her is, o
Diggon.
Her was her, whyle
But now her is a mo
For day, that was, is
And now at earſt the
Hobbinoll.
Diggon areede, who has thee ſo dig
Neuer I wiſt thee in ſo poore a plig
Where is the fayre flocke, thou was
Dr bene they chaffred for at miſchie